

The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

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It's No Secret

THE KKK IN DELAWARE

TROUBLE IN SALTICKHAM

Other Current Matters

The governor of California has appointed a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency to head a commission looking into the causes of the Los Angeles riots. This fact should be appended to the commission's report as an exhibit — eloquent evidence of the lack of comprehension on the part of those who do not live in Watts of those who do.

When Pat Brown's Aegean cruise was cancelled because of the unpleasantness in Watts, he told reporters that he did not have the "slightest idea" what caused the riots. "In California we had an excellent relationship with the Negroes," said the man who someone had once suggested should be President. "There is no discrimination. There was a housing program."

Hopefully, the McCone group will clarify Governor Brown's understanding of this matter. It is doubtful, however, that, despite the assistance of one of the nation's foremost slueths, the commission will uncover much that was not visible to anyone who cared to look.

The problems of Watts are no secret. Mass poverty, joblessness, discrimination, and despair are not pleas-

ant sights but they are seldom veiled except to the indifferent. The time has long since passed for commissions to be appointed to inquire into the obvious. Mr. McCone and his assistants would better spend their time determining what can be done in the shortest time to improve the situation and leave the sociological and historical rehash job to television documentaries.

Watts is simply symbolic of the cancer that is eating away at the innards of this country. Since the cancer now only effects a small percentage of our population we have found it convenient and reassuring to ignore it or, at best, to take an occasional aspirin.

The President has an anti-poverty program. But at present, even using the figures of its advocates, the program has touched only a small portion of the poor, and fewer still have been helped in any substantial way.

Subtract from the poverty program those projects that are experimental pilot efforts, those that are designed primarily to bear fruit in the distant future, those that are frittered away in political boondoggling, and those that are the creation of bureaucratic idiocy; there's not much left for the woman with five kids who's going to be evicted from her two-room apartment tomorrow.

It does no good to tell her that we are spending several hundred million dollars more this fiscal year than last on her behalf. It doesn't help her feed her family to explain that studies are being conducted to determine the reasons for the breakdown in the Negro family structure. And it doesn't remove the sores from her six-year-old daughter's face to explain that the President believes in an all-out war on poverty.

The Idler

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Editor: sam smith
The Idler
125 Fifth St. N.E.
Washington 2, D.C.
202-546-9662

Printer: Warren Printing Company
6 State St.
Warren, R. I.
401-245-8888

There is much that is good about the poverty program, some that is bad, but good or bad it all adds up to not enough soon enough.

The poor realize this. Official Washington doesn't yet. The government is still trying to handle the poverty program the way many tried to handle the school integration problem — a grade at a time.

But, as in the integration of schools, time is being compressed and is running out at an ever faster rate. The poor are becoming politically conscious and their insistence upon their right to share in the national bounty is being felt with increasing intensity.

Part of the problem is that the anti-poverty program is being twisted, pushed and squeezed into the existing political and social framework. While there is no doubt that Mr. Johnson is committed to eliminating poverty, he also believes in never sailing too far out of sight of the status quo. His technique is excellent for refinement

and improvement, not so good for major reform.

There is, for example, a reluctance even to consider recovery programs as direct and immediate as those of the New Deal. There is an unwillingness to consider a major shift in budget priorities away from such areas as space towards the welfare of the poor. And there still is, despite the ballyhoo, insufficient desire on the part of the administration to assure the bottom twenty per cent of the economic heap any real hope in the near future.

It is doubtful whether the poor will wait ten, fifteen or twenty years for the momentum of concern to build up. The Democratic Party, their self-proclaimed benefactor, is too affluent and comfortable at its top level and too indifferent and corrupt at the bottom to continue to inspire the confidence of the poor.



Brown: No Idea

The time could well be ripe within the large cities for the formation of new political parties that represent the interests of the poor. The typical Democratic machine no longer adequately performs this task. The recent battles in various cities involving control of poverty program funds is good evidence of this.



McCone: Telling Pat Why

It would be a healthy thing for such parties to develop. While they probably would not become, at best, more than potent third forces, they would bring the real and immediate needs of the forgotten poor of the nation into the open where even a bumbling governor could not help but see them. They would also provide another outlet for the tensions that may otherwise burst out increasingly onto the streets.

Before The Riots

By Jim Sterba

Right after *The Defenders* had spent an hour defending the American system of justice, a pitchman for United Airlines said, "Fly to Los Angeles, city of excitement. Adventure awaits, fly United." Then followed: "29 dead in Los Angeles riots — this is the 11 o'clock report."

Los Angeles, that city located mostly south of Liberace's piano-shaped swim pool, has spread itself over six counties to form the most gigantic

sprawl of asphalt, concrete, exhaust pipes, manhole covers and traffic lights this world has known. Earthquakes have scared Californians out of spending money on tall buildings. As a result, Los Angeles has spread itself out and become the world's largest city in area.

Whatever it was that happened in LA last August — a riot, a race riot, or an insurrection — the damage figures were not unlike those of an earthquake: over 30 dead 2,000 fires, \$175 million in fire damage, wide-spread looting.

But unlike an earthquake, several thousand people were arrested and jailed in what some refer to as "Parker's pens." Parker is the Los Angeles Police Chief, and LA Negroes don't like him.

Chief William H. Parker is a policeman's policeman. He rarely ends a week on the job without his pockets full of citations and awards for excellence. His files marked "Solved" kept Jack Webb in *Dragnet* episodes for nearly 10 years.

When rioting broke out in the 40-square-mile all-Negro "suburb" of Watts on August 11, Parker's men and, later, the California National Guard moved into the area. After three days, Chief Parker was able to say with authority, "We're on top and they're on the bottom." He not only described the current situation in Watts, but also well phrased the continuing plight of most of the Los Angeles Negro community. And a look into recent Los Angeles history shows that Parker and other city officials want it no other way.

In 1962, the California State Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights investigated law enforcement in Los Angeles. At the opening meeting, John Buggs, Director of the Los Angeles County Commission on Human Relations, said, "I don't think there's any question at all but what the vast majority of the Negro population of this county believes that there is unequal administration of justice."

Poverty is taking your children to the hospital and spending the whole day waiting with no one even taking your name — and then coming back again the next day, and the next, until they finally get around to you.

Poverty is having a landlady (who is also a public health nurse) who turns off the heat when she leaves for work in the morning and turns it back on at 6 when she returns. It's being helpless to do anything about it because by the time the officials get around to it, she has turned the heat back on for the day and then it will be off the next.

Poverty is having the welfare investigators break in at 4 o'clock in the morning and cut off your welfare check without an explanation, and then when you go down and ask, they tell you it is because they found a pair of men's house slippers in the attic, where your brother left them when he visited a month ago.

Poverty is having a child with glaucoma and watching that eye condition grow worse every day, while the public officials send you to the private agencies, and the private agencies send you back to the public, and when you ask the public officials to refer you to this special hospital, they say they can't — and when you say it is prejudice because you are a Negro, they deny it flatly — and they shout at you, "Name 1 white child we have referred there;" and when you name 25, they sit down, and shut up, and they finally refer you but it is too late then, because your child has permanently lost 80 percent of his vision; and you are told that if only they had caught it a month earlier, when you first made inquiry about the film over his eyes, they could have preserved his vision.

—Mrs. Janice Bradshaw
Pueblo, Colo.

"I don't believe," he continued, "... that I could find a thousand Negroes out of 461,000 who think otherwise."

Spokesmen for the NAACP, the LA Community Relations Conference, CORE, the California Democratic Council, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the Southern California Council of Churches felt the same way.

Chief Parker disagreed.

"... basically," he said, "I do not believe that there is any difficult problem existing in the relationship between the Los Angeles Police Department and the Negro community."

The State Advisory Committee's query into Los Angeles police-minority group relations was not welcomed by the city fathers. Charges were leveled that the Committee was biased against Los Angeles authorities.

The LA Fire and Police Research Association warned that the meetings of the Committee might "be used as an arena to level propaganda charges against law enforcement officers." City Assemblyman Joseph C. Shell said the hearings were against the law and added: "This shocking misuse of the state committee must be halted."

Mayor Sam Yorty even started red-baiting:

"Your meeting was heralded by the Communist press before I was informed about it. Under the circumstances, I am concerned lest you damage race relations in this community, and arrest the progress we are making towards improving race relations."

By the time the meetings were held, the Committee members were being called "Communist-dupes."

At the meeting Chief Parker said there were elements who were trying to inflame the Negro community with charges of police brutality. What these "elements" charged at the meeting was that LA cops beat Negroes over the head with their nightsticks more than they do whites. They also charged that Mexicans and Negroes were arrested on suspicion in cases where whites wouldn't have been, that foul

language was used by police, that Negroes were harassed, and other lesser evils.

All these charges but one, the Committee reported, were leveled at the Los Angeles Police Department and not at the Sheriff's Dept. The Committee concluded "that one of Los Angeles' chief problems is that little has been done to dispel effectively the widely shared attitude among Los Angeles Negroes that they are at the mercy of bigoted police."

Chief Parker denied that he or his men had anything to do with creating the bad attitude among the Negro community. He denied all accusations of police brutality and recited statistics showing more crime among Negroes than whites.

When the Committee asked Parker about having a citizen police review board, he said: "This violates every principle of administration as taught in any university in America." He thought that the wrong kind of people would get on the review board, that police discipline and morale would be harmed, and that the department would be weakened.

There has never been a police review board in Los Angeles. The police department investigates itself.

In addition, the Negro community leaders have asked unsuccessfully for a city Human Relations Commission. Los Angeles has bypassed many offers of Federal assistance. City officials have constantly voted against supporting a Federal Community Relations team. They have thought they were doing a job with community relations themselves. For instance, in early 1963, the Police Department issued a release telling of 10 steps taken by the city toward improving community relations. Number 8 on the list was:

"A Christmas toy distribution program has been administered closely to assure that all segments of the community received an equitable portion of the toys last Christmas with an emphasis on those obviously deprived areas."

In an effort to quash charges of police brutality Chief Parker once removed all policemen from Watts for three days to "see how they could get along without us. Maybe then they will appreciate us more."

They didn't.

Parker was asked if there was any communication between the Negro leaders and the Police Department.

"Oh, no, no," he said. "You see, they demanded my resignation about four years ago and they haven't withdrawn that demand; and I can read to you, if you have time, what the national head of the NAACP told our mayor because he hadn't fired me. So I would say, no, there is not any liaison."

And Parker feels that as long as his department is charged with brutality and as long as he is asked to resign, it is unnecessary to communicate.

As John Buggs put it: "With the Negro population numbering in the hundreds of thousands and with this population densely concentrated, one can live, eat, shop, work, play, and die in a completely Negro community."

In LA's Negro community, this horizontal slum filled with dropouts, criminals, rats and relief checks, it is hard to understand, learn and forgive. Chief Parker issues statements like "We're on top and they're on the bottom," and cannot figure out why Negroes in his community believe they are being treated differently. Perhaps he should look in the mirror.



Down On The Old Paper Plantation

By A. H. Berzen

MY Committee on Bureaucratic Hindsight would like a corner of the hearing room. Not a large corner, just space enough to hold a little probe. Not to disclose gifts proffered, or favors accepted—nothing like that; but merely to shed some old light on an even older topic. This minor exhumation goes back a number of years, when I was employed by a so-called temporary Federal government agency in Washington.

At that time, the agency had already undergone several reorganizations—mild administrative upheavals. Never mind which agency; its name, as it happened, occupied a large chunk of an 8-by-10 inch sheet of paper. (The Federal government uses that size rather than the standard 8½-by-11; a wistful residue, I like to think, of a plan some earnest soul once had to save the taxpayers' money. I knew a man—his job title was "flow specialist"—whose task it was to survey government forms; their size, color, texture.)

I was furnished a desk in an office whose window afforded a view of the Capitol dome, the Washington Monument and a pigeon cooperative. A formidable amount of paper, in various hues and shapes—all richly overlarded with symbols and numbers—passed through my "in" and "out" baskets. I dutifully read those marked "for your information," and initialled an endless cascade of inter-office memoranda from the Division Director, the Branch Chief, and the Unit Head.

My immediate superior shared the office with me. In our interview, he had seemed preoccupied; after I was installed, I understood why he'd been impatient at my intrusion—although,

of course, he had requested an assistant. That was my description, my justification—assistant—on the battery of papers I'd filled out.

Bennett was, indeed, a busy man. He arrived at noon and left at three (to avoid the traffic, he explained). During those hours, however, he was occupied with a 3-by-5 card file that contained a roster of his current customers.

The office was equipped with metal filing cabinets, whose drawers rolled silently, efficiently, on ball-bearings, and with bookcases crammed with thick volumes, but Bennett paid no attention to any of it. He was engrossed in making notations on the list of people in the Office, (née Bureau, née Department) who purchased fresh eggs from him.

From his farm in Maryland, Bennett every day brought a supply of cardboard boxes and a crate of fresh eggs in his station wagon. First, he packed the eggs, then he made his rounds. He had an extensive clientele—statisticians, clerks economists.

He undoubtedly spent his mornings gathering eggs, performing sundry chores on his place across the Anacostia River; afternoons, he made deliveries and wrote orders. He managed to attend staff meetings, but he'd frequently drop off a few dozen eggs en route to the conference room. The egg business thrived, there among the carbon paper and manila folders. But finally he left—promoted to Assistant Branch Chief, it was rumored.

Bennett's replacement, Tucker, came highly recommended; Tucker Knew Someone On The Hill. Unlike his predecessor, Tucker arrived promptly every morning; promptly, all right, but laden down with leases, correspondence, newspapers. Tucker, in no way concerned with this particular instrumentality of the Federal government, was in real estate and maintained an office of his own in another section of the city. He'd probably decided upon a second location and set up a branch a dozen yards from where I sat.

HUGH HAYNIE ...

“...The gingham dog and
the calico cat
Wallowed this way
and tumbled that,
Employing every
tooth and claw...”



In the awfulest
way you
ever saw ...
(Don't fancy
I exaggerate—
I got my news from
the Chinese plate!)”

—Eugene Field

Tucker used the telephone a lot, filling up the air with "first trust" and "asking price" and "best street in Georgetown." Often, he'd cram an attache case with papers from his desk drawer—he'd disposed of Bennett's chicken-feed catalogues—grab his hat, and go out to show a property or make an appraisal. He made no attempt to initial memoranda or attend staff meetings. And although his real estate enterprise flourished, he, too, left—to accept a Division Deputy Director's post with another agency. The new location, of course, gave him yet another outlet, another site for a branch office.

By then, I began wondering whether I should undertake a modest entrepreneurship of some kind. Open a car wash service, say, or a bicycle rental shop. But with Murdock's arrival—he was a "consultant"—I abandoned all thought of competing with either Tucker or Bennett.

Murdock's most recent assignment had been with the military, as a "trouble-shooter;" someone who got things done, he described himself. He began at once. He got himself a larger desk, ordered rubber stamps with a variety of stamp pads—some of the ink colors achieved remarkable effects on magenta tissue (one of his innovations). He had partitions erected around his desk. He said he wasn't being snobbish, but felt we could work better that way; he slapped me on the back and laughed his gruff, trouble-shooter's laugh.

Murdock was a roamer. Mornings, he visited other offices in the building. Clutching a sheaf of papers (a fresh batch every day), he'd talk to anyone at all—about methods, and procedures, and outline his plans for reorganization. He liked to "start fires under people," he told me and was an old hand at expediting; he had considerable experience with liaison work on a policy-making level, but got better results by issuing a directive than coordinating. He fairly oozed such nomenclatural fragments.

Except for his first flurry of movement, resulting in physical changes to the office, he bothered little with the Unit's functions. But he continued talking. Up and down the corridors, in a dozen offices—his fingers curled impressively around those irrelevant documents—he talked on and on.

He took extended, mostly bourbon, lunch periods, and when he'd return, he sequestered himself in his office. (One of his earliest additions was a signal system outside his door; the red light meant he was not to be disturbed, green signified he was available. It never flashed green.) And soon after he'd withdrawn into his office, from behind the door — or rather, from above it, since the partitions were not ceiling high—there'd come the gravelly sound of snoring.

Then one day, while workmen were again uprooting telephone wires, knocking down and putting up partitions—for Murdock had not stopped reorganizing—Murdock, himself, left. He quit his job and returned to his home state to run for congressman. Shortly after that, I too departed but not before I'd learned he'd been elected.

Open Minds

ABOUT the best thing that can be said for the appointments of Messrs. O'Brien and Gronouski is that both gentlemen are proceeding to their new posts with open minds uncluttered by experience. Mr. O'Brien knows little about postal matters and Mr. Gronouski knows little about diplomacy.

It has been interesting to read the news accounts concerning Mr. O'Brien's potential as Postmaster General. They have dealt almost exclusively with his political skills and

ambitions. It has been hard to find any hint of what he intends to do to improve the delivery of the mails, which some misguided souls believe is the primary task of a Postmaster General.

In any case, it will not be hard for him to do a better job than his predecessor who for the past few years has supervised the continuing disintegration of our postal system while still leaving enough time to serve as one of the Administration's major propagandists and political handymen.

Mr. Gronouski now goes to Poland where he is under instructions to build new bridges of understanding. The Poles should not be surprised if these bridges are open only five days a week and a half-day on Wednesday. You get used to it after awhile.

policies or beliefs of the candidate, but cite his patriotism, his large family, his poverty or his kinship to respected local clans.



O'Brien: Not Hard to Do Better

Securing a Salary

From "The Times" of London

LOUISVILLE

To the kings and rulers of the world, politics is the science of regulating society, but to several hundred thousand Americans it is the art by which one becomes county sheriff or jailer, assured of a salary for four years. It is also the economic lifeblood of the small rural county. For example, West Liberty, seat of Morgan county, Kentucky, has only 810 people, but in this month's primary election it had 92 candidates for public office; in Salyersville, seat of Magoffin county, lapel buttons appeared warning: "Don't shake my hand, I'm a candidate, too."

Politics also provide an economic boost for the county seat newspapers, which bulge with advertisements proclaiming the virtues of the candidates. Their appeals are seldom based on the

Mr. Jenry Kell, his eye on the jailer's office of Russell county, Kentucky, put his case in its simplest terms. "Folks," he said, "I need this office," Mr. Barkley Sturgill, seeking reelection as Floyd county attorney, made it equally clear. "I need the job", he said. "I have a family to raise."

Mr. Earl Johnson, who would be jailer of Johnson county, aimed a tug at older heart-strings: "Most of my opponents are young men, capable of working, while I am past the prime of life." Mr. Jim Crabtree, running for jailer of Wayne county, had a similar appeal, though his pleas might be construed as deprecating the office he sought. "I have worked hard all my life," he said, "and don't have any way to make a living, only something like this."

None of them, however, stated his need more graphically than Mrs. Lena Howard, who wanted to be jailer of Magoffin county for a flatly stated simple reason: "I have a crippled husband, three handicapped boys and an

(This article appears, by permission, from *The Times*, London, of June 29, 1965)

epileptic boy. I have to work in the cornfield and the tobacco patch. I have 12 children, all at home; and that is the reason I am asking for this office, to help raise and school my children."

Need, however, is not the only basis for soliciting support. Candidates for sheriff like to remind the voter that he, too, may fall foul of the law some day — in which case the implication is clear: it would be a good idea to have a friend behind the badge.

"Toodles knows you can never do a good job with a stick and a gun", proclaimed Mr. Bill "Toodles" Wells, of Floyd county. He concluded his appeals by declaring that "young people 5,000 strong endorse Toodles."

Mr. Hershel van Hoose of Johnson county appealed to the more mature. "All parents can rest assured," he said, "that their children will be given every considerate care." Mr. Marvin "Gun-smoke" Lipfird, of Harlan county, also emphasized his gentle and understanding nature, pointing with pride to the fact "Evarts hasn't had a gun fight in seven years, and the police department hasn't beaten or pistol-whipped anyone." On the other hand, Mr. Homer Green, of Bell county, promised law enforcement and no funny business or patience for legal niceties. "I will come when you call me," he promised, "and not give you that old excuse you will have to get a warrant."

Mr. Curt Jones, campaigning for the jailer's office of Johnson county, had comforting words for those who fear they may awake the morning after in the custody of the law. "I promise a clean jail and plenty to eat for prisoners," he proclaimed. Mr. Boyd Johnson of Carroll county, promised a surprise if chosen sheriff. "I stand not just to punish but to try to do something to stop so much lawbreaking. I think I have a program in mind."

Some stand on platforms difficult to define. For example, there was Mr. George Davis, of Barren county, who promised reform if elected county peace-keeper. "I never violated any

laws that would put me in prison," he said. "I have never stolen anything but watermelons, apples and peaches. I have not sold any whisky in 12 years. I intend to quit gambling if elected." Mr. Davis appeared to have a low regard for present officers of the court. "I have beaten lawyers on whisky and gambling cases when I was guilty," he boasted. He also promised, if elected, to refrain from arresting Bill Barrett, a local citizen who seems frequently to land in jail on bootlegging charges. His reasons: "Bill only weighs 110 lbs. and has a wife and seven children."

An election campaign without rumors would be like a Derby without horses, and they were in good supply this year. "You have heard rumors," said Mr. Bill Wells darkly, "that I do not need to be magistrate of Floyd county. I will be perfectly frank with you . . ." Mr. Bill Cooley, who also wants to be Floyd county's sheriff, warned "It is rumored that fake ballots are being printed to confuse you."

Sometimes the explanations of the candidates become rather involved, as in the case of Jackson county's Mr. Allen Harrison, seeking to unseat Judge Powell as county judge.

"You may have wondered why I have not answered the article Judge Powell published in the paper against me," he wrote. "In the first place, I started to run a clean race. Another reason is the man that made the affidavit that Powell published is my cousin and the nephew of my mother and a good many of his people is my people, and he was a very sick and nervous man at the time he made it, and a short time after he departed this life and his speech silenced forever and to me it would be an insult to the intelligence of fair-minded voters . . ."

Some candidates seemed to be fighting discouragement. There was a wan note to the announcement of Mr. William "Bee" Young that: "I am still a candidate for jailer of Jackson county. I am a poor man."

Others, such as Mr. Albert Dempsey, contending for the state legislature



"A Phase of Campaigning"

(Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1880)

in Johnson county, turned to the muse:

He's for the man that plows the mule,

He's for the children that go to school,

He's for the man that makes his living

By the sweat of his brow.

There was this forthright statement from Wayne county's legislative candidate: "I am not asking for your sup-

port just because my name is Archie Brown."

Occasionally, a forlorn note creeps in when a candidate gives up the ghost. "I'm withdrawing from the sheriff's race," sighed Mr. Dennis Tinchler of Jackson county. "I thank my friends who was supporting me." And for brevity, it is hard to beat Knox county's Mr. Lester Broughton, candidate for jailer. "Lester," he promised, "will continue to serve you and treat you good."

Trouble In Saltlickham

By Uncle Abner

SALTICKHAM

Edgar Widget claims his young son Mortimer has the distinction of being the nation's first dropout from Project Head Start. Mortimer is reputed hereabouts to be the instigator of the Great Saltlickham Job Corps Riot of 1965. This is quite a feat inasmuch as Saltlickham doesn't have a Job Corps camp.

What happened was this. Young Mortimer decided one day that the milk being served the preschool kids should be chocolate instead of the ordinary straight from the cow variety they had been getting. Bill Wilson, who reads a lot, tells me this is what they call in the underdeveloped nations "the revolution of rising expectations" but for Mortimer it was just a liking for chocolate.

Elizabeth, who has been helping out with the Head Start program, asked Mortimer one day why he wasn't drinking his milk.

"It ain't chocolate," he replied and then started bawling like a steer that just fell into a well. The other kids, recognizing in Mortimer a born leader, took up the chant and pretty soon there were milk cartons flying all over the place, and kids screaming, and Elizabeth running around trying to calm things down, and a pretty general type mess all in all.

Well I got to admit that Elizabeth panicked. She called up Charlie Thurston's wife Agnes and told her there was a "riot" going on and wouldn't she come and help.

Instead of coming over, Agnes called up her husband who doesn't think much of the poverty program and has said so in his paper a few times. Charlie gets all hot and bothered and phones the chief of police.

Peking — The primary problem table tennis players should correctly solve is to know the purpose of their playing. Members of the national team learned from experience that only when the problem of why one plays table tennis is solved correctly is it possible to solve the problem of how to play well. They have learned from writings of Mao Tse-tung and from their own experience that sports and physical education contribute to and are part of socialist construction. To play table tennis is a revolutionary endeavor and serves the interest of the people; it is not fun or for the opportunity to show off. Like all others engaged in socialist construction, a table tennis player should strive to reach the highest world levels. Armed with the ideology that their play is for the cause of revolution, members of the team persist in hard training with revolutionary consciousness and unbounded energy.

—Radio Peking

Yeah, but we know a decadent imperialist who has a wicked backhand.

The chief of police, close as I can figure, was playing a little gin rummy when Charlie called and he asked his deputy, Merton Fudge, to answer the phone. Now Merton, although he's 23, would make a pretty good candidate for Project Head Start himself, kind of slow and not too bright, and he tells the chief: "They got a poverty riot going on at the school."

Now the Chief sizes up the situation, and decides he can't handle a poverty riot with only himself and three deputies so he sends a request for aid to the state police.

So there was Elizabeth, screaming at the kids and them screaming back at her, with milk cartons flying right and left when twenty-five state troopers pour into the room with guns drawn.

Soon as she sees them, Elizabeth faints dead away. The cops decide

that she has been assaulted and call for an ambulance. Then they round up the children and take them down to the town jail.

Meanwhile up at the state capital, the reporters who keep tabs on what's going on with the police are writing away. That night the word got as far as Boston where the papers headline the story: ONE INJURED IN JOB CAMP RIOT.

When Elizabeth came to she found herself in an ambulance on her way to the county hospital and wanted to know what the hell was happening. The ambulance driver told her to keep calm and that everything will be all right and this just gets her more excited. At the hospital they gave her a sedative and when she woke up there was the state trooper who covers Saltlickham standing by her bed waiting to get a statement.

"I just fainted," she says. The trooper looked kind of disappointed and asked what caused the riot.

"Mortimer wanted chocolate milk."

He wrote that down, stared at his paper a few moments and then said in a puzzled voice: "That's all?"

"That's all."

Then he got a little angry and wanted to know why she had called the state police and Elizabeth said she hadn't and the trooper said well somebody had and he was going to find out who and Elizabeth said if he didn't take her back to Saltlickham that instant in his patrol car she'd be damned if she let him pick strawberries in her garden anymore like he used to. Then he mellowed and got her out of there and they came back.

I kept reading the Boston papers but they never did tell the right story, but no matter. A few days later a consultant flew in from Washington and said he wanted to find out the causes of poverty in the area. I told him, blunt-like, that weren't enough jobs and hadn't been for the last ten years and that if we had one new job for every consultant who flew in trying to find out why we had poverty we'd be in pretty good shape.

When he got back to Washington

he sent the town manager a copy of his report and I looked and looked but I couldn't find anything there like what I'd said. Bill Wilson said it was there, though, in a paragraph that read:

"The perimeters of poverty can be defined by a chronic state of underachievement of the cyclical employment potential."

I said I had said no such thing and doubted whether anyone else in town had, either, but Bill said I had and we left it at that.

Edgar Widget blamed Elizabeth, Sargent Shriver and Lyndon Johnson for what took place and pulled his son out of the Head Start program. Don't ask me what's happened to him. For all I know he's lounging around the candy counter at Miller's Drug Store waiting to slash the tires of some kid's tricycle.

HOLD ON!

By Charles

McDowell, Jr.



It is interesting what you can learn by calling in a psychologist to help you with your troubles. One thing you can learn is that your troubles now include a psychologist.

Consider the experience of the Aerospace Corporation, which is a non-profit, government-financed company that the Air Force set up in 1960 to do missile research.

Since 1960 Aerospace has acquired much knowledge, \$309,000,000

worth of government contracts, \$16,-000,000 in additional government fees, 4,300 employees and a consulting psychologist.

The House Armed Services Committee's subcommittee for special investigations reported the other day that Aerospace, while doing valuable work, had been managed inefficiently and had wasted a lot of money.

The psychologist was paid \$240 a day "for services of dubious value." At worst, this represented only a minor part of the waste, but his work was positively entrancing to the investigators headed by the psychologically skeptical Rep. Porter Hardy, Jr., of Virginia.

Aerospace was having a hard time with communication among its staff people and the psychologist went to work to help them understand what they were taking about. At one point, he interviewed 79 people and gathered, in his words, "over 400 idea-inputs."

He wrote a 100-page report on the communications problem, concluding with this magnificent sentence: "The main recommendation here is to follow these survey inputs with thoughtful, nondefensive, constructive problem-solving action, which may in turn call for the training of . . . supervisors in communication and conference skills, among other things."

In some awe, the subcommittee reprinted a large amount of the psychologist's prose. It did not speculate on how a man who could write such stuff could possibly help anybody communicate.

He undertook what he called a "group conferencemanship seminar" to teach the company's managers how to conduct a conference. His guide included such suggestions as this: ". . . It might be appropriate for you periodically to 'take stock' and invite consensual feedback to see where things stand and what seems to be wanted by the group for the best utilization of remaining time."

The psychologist advocated more than "feedback." He was a firm believer, too, in "feed-forward methodologies."

He wrote a 27-page guide for interviewers of job applicants, emphasizing the need for "a healthy motivational balance with the interviewee." In maintaining this healthy motivational balance the interviewer would learn that there was a time to ask a pressing question and a time to "grunt."

The recommended grunt was "uh-huh," and it was carefully spelled out for those who did not understand the art of communication.

The range of work done by the psychologist was astonishing, if not alarming.

He conceived a program of "creative sabotage" to provide an outlet for the "unconscious destructive fantasies" of the company's employees.

He attacked human error at Aerospace with a helpful program whose objective he described as "to promptly formulate error-reduction hypotheses which will constitute a basis for developing practicable interventions or revised modus operandi, designed to result in a significant reduction of errors in the work which people do that is relevant to making these 'birds' fly well and perform their missions effectively."

But always he returned to his basic passion, which was helping people to communicate better. He even provided "group therapy" for the library staff, which was having trouble communicating with the head librarian.

It is interesting to think of them there in the library, the staff seated in a circle with the psychologist asking questions of a nice motivational balance, and consensual feedback and feed-forward beginning to fill the room, and communication blooming like a flower.

We asked one of the investigators if that is the way it was, and he thought for a long time before he replied with an appropriate, nicely-balanced grunt, "Uh-huh."

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The Madeba Map

by Enid Saunders Candlin



The Levantine Exploration Society was established a century ago, with the object of promoting Biblical and archaeological research in the Near East, and of determining the historical background of the Scriptures.

Funds were raised and scholars sent abroad, a theologian's library assembled and a journal established. In time many learned books appeared, written by members of the Society. In those days private philanthropy was still possible in England, and one of the supporters of the enterprise donated a large building in the heart of London, to be used as the central office. Others gave books, large-scale maps, bas-reliefs of Palestine, plans of Jerusalem (Old and New) and full-scale drawings of Solomon's Temple.

But as the Victorian Age waned, so did interest and faith of this sort, and the Society began to languish. During the First World War it gained prestige from the fact that the Army was able to find among its volumes very detailed and accurate knowledge of a vital theatre. But as time went on more and more of the old subscribers passed away, and finally almost no one ever visited the dusty shelves of the library. The only new subscribers to the Journal were American or German universities, and the upkeep of the old building became so costly that the Society was obliged to share the premises with the Royal Trans-Caucasian Society, the Explorers of Upper Egypt, and other such riff-raff.

I became the custodian of the Levantine Library for a year, quite recently, during which period I had three visitors, one of whom actually took out a book. The Library, almost invisible through layers of dust, needed archaeological work on itself. The old janitor of the building who had fought through both wars, would look philosophically on the mounds of dust and cobwebs, and remark that in a few years all the subscribers would be dead, so what did it matter? I grieved for it, as it had many precious and amusing volumes gathered there, in many tongues, and it seemed a pity that no one remembered it.

One day a tall old gentleman came in and asked me to give him anything I had on the Madeba Map. I had never heard of it, and could find no reference to it in the card catalogue. He was aghast at such ignorance. Everyone knows about the Madeba Map, he told me; it was being discussed everywhere. Had I not seen the recent controversy about it in an Israeli archaeological paper? At any rate I must know what Eusebius had written about it in the fifth century. I began to be glad that I had so few visitors to the Library, and was able to browse in tranquil simplicity among the ruins of Jericho without anyone worrying me. However, mindful of the six pounds I drew each week, I assured my caller that I would do what I could if he could arrange to come again.

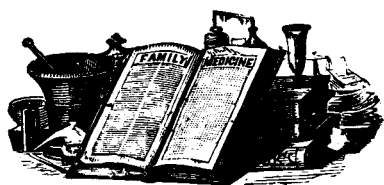
In this way I became a World Authority on the Madeba Map, which, (as everyone knows) is a mosaic map of the then-known world, discovered in an old church near the Galilean Sea. For a time nothing else seemed of any importance to me, but after my visitor had gone away, somehow I lost interest, and today I can scarcely remember anything about it. What I do remember most vividly now is that the Secretary of the rival organization, the Royal Trans-Caucasian, by doing a little furtive research on her own, discovered that my enquirer was not

a subscriber, and therefore had no right to be taking up the Society's valuable time. However, this horrid fact faded away when it was learned that the library of the Explorers of Upper Egypt, upstairs, had suffered a serious blow from fate.

A bathroom in a flat above had had some drainage problem; a lot of water had gone through the ceiling and soaked several extremely valuable new copies of *The Book of the Dead* which had been deposited on the floor, as there was no room left on the shelves, the tables, the chairs, the desks, or the window sills. In our mutual effort to save the *Books of the Dead* the iniquity of my visitor was forgotten, and I was allowed to read on peacefully in the heavy volumes of the fathers of the church, till another few months vouchsafed me another enquirer.

Those Little Pills

by Mike McManus



The almighty little pill has made another breakthrough.

John Hopkins Medical School psychiatrists have found that neurotic patients will get better taking fake pills — even when told they contain no medicine.

In a carefully controlled experiment, 15 ailing men and women who came to the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic seeking help were asked to take a bottle of pink pills after being told they contained no medicine whatsoever. The doctors were not trying to fool them. The pills contained only sugar.

Yet 14 of the 15 took the pills three times a day for a week, and swore afterwards they felt better. The 15th stopped taking them because her husband made fun of her for wasting money on "sugar pills."

Doctors for centuries have known that patients can improve on phony pills; prescriptions are given regularly to neurotic patients who are told "this will make you feel better." Even though the placebo (Latin for "I shall please") contains no medicine, it often works. But until now it had always been considered essential to let the patient believe he was actually taking potent medicine.

Two Baltimore psychiatrists decided to tell patients they thought that a sugar pill would help them "as it has helped many others with your kind of condition," carefully explaining that a "sugar pill is a pill with no medicine in it at all." All were given a week's supply and told to return. Of the 14, four insisted the pills were "the most effective ever prescribed for them." Six thought the psychiatrists had actually fooled them, and really given them a potent drug; the other eight thought they were taking only sugar pills — yet both groups had the same results and were "quite a bit better," according to the doctors.

Medically, the patients were not alcoholics or suffering from a neurologic disorder. Those chosen were neurotics with signs of anxiety and feelings of "apprehension and helplessness," since past experience has shown this group to be helped as much by placebos as by tranquilizers.

Why Save New York?

I don't like New York City. It is grotesque. Even its virtues are misshapen, stretched out of proportion in a vain attempt to mask the ugly bulk of the town.

Prime among these virtues, New Yorkers will tell you, is the city's

cultural wealth. You can, they will boast, go to a different play, a different art gallery and a different concert each night of the year and still not have exhausted the Muses of Manhattan. And there is, in the manner of their speech, the definite implication they themselves faithfully take advantage of these opportunities except on those rare occasions when culturally indifferent Aunt Isabelle comes to town or when the children are sick.

Having observed some of these New Yorkers in places other than their fav-

orite city, I doubt that their cultural appetites are as insatiable as they maintain. I have heard them in St. Louis complain of the poor quality of the local symphony, but on the night when the Philharmonic came to town I have caught them up in Gaslight Square drinking Falstaff Beer and listening to ragtime piano. I have heard them, in Boston, decry the sad state of provincial art, and yet have seen on their own walls nothing to make Norman Rockwell blush. And I have heard them, in Washington,

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protest the lack of live drama even while five productions were in performance within a huck's cab fare and then have watched them depart instead for a discotheque on M St.

Is New York's artistic glut in excess of need? I suspect so. I also suspect that New Yorkers find in their vast silos of surplus culture a convenient rationale for an otherwise mostly indefensible city.

But perhaps it is necessary for New York to keep a good deal of extra culture around because much of the stuff is rancid and rotten. New York is the nation's primary source of phony culture. It is the chief purveyor of the bizarre, the most successful peddler of the perverted.

And while it speaks condescendingly of the cultural tastes of the rest of the country, it has been largely responsible for degrading these tastes.

New York has almost singlehandedly destroyed whatever artistic po-

tential television could have possessed. Ulcerated network vice-presidents, illiterate scriptwriters, tasteless MC's, and effeminate choreographers conspire to eliminate any residual merit the medium might have.

New York has lowered literary standards with its onslaught of terrible books, non-books, anti-books, and whatever else it is that they're stuffing between hard and soft covers these days.

New York has treated painting as though its only purpose was for the artistic hoax and foolish fad in which the city delights so much.

And, through the endless mischief of its advertising agencies, New York has encouraged a popular demand for mediocrity not only in the arts but in all of life.

New York, in short, has destroyed and distorted as much culture as it has created.

If, however, the city's vices were

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limited to perversions of man's creative abilities, it might still redeem itself. But it has not only mocked man; it has killed nature.

There is no air worth breathing, no land in which to grow, and little water to drink. The smog cramps the lungs and reddens the eyes. Trees and grass are as rare as in the Mohave. And water is parcelled out in restaurants as though it were the final drops in the bottle of a shipwrecked mariner.

New York is not alone among American cities with these problems. But I can think of no other that has so effectively eliminated the basic elements of the earth: land, air and water.

What good is Lincoln Center, new musicals, Fulton's Fish Market, the Empire State Building, the *New York Review of Books*, Sardi's, the Metropolitan Opera, Hammecher-Schlemmer, Leonard Bernstein or Tom Wolfe if we must give up in return all intercourse with the natural world?

The best city is one that provides us with that which nature can not and does not ruin that which it can. It is a hard goal to reach, but New York isn't even trying. With supreme arrogance it has created a totally man-made environment — a grimy, loud and smelly world in which beauty is cut off as if it were a weed and harmony silenced whenever it raises its voice.

Now, with its current water crisis, New York has been brought rudely back into contact with nature. This city — which has been too sophisticated, too exciting, too bright and too witty to worry about such matters as natural resources — has been slowly drying up while the twist bands were playing.

Some solution will be found. Before Manhattan parches into a ghost town, some 20th century Noah-in-reverse will lead two of every sort to water; stevedores after their kind; Rockettes after their kind; Harlem hoods, Wall Street brokers and Horn & Hardart dishwashers after their kind. All will be led to drink by an interstate agency, Nelson Rockefeller,



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Mayor Robert Wagner, and the White House and they shall keep the city alive.

But is New York worth saving? This is the question the emergency committees should be studying. No matter how much water you pour on a drooping Venus flytrap you can not change it into a blooming rose. There

are other cities along the east coast that could use New York's water to better purpose. Should they be made to thirst to keep alive a city that is infatuated with its pretensions, obsessed with its ambitions, and indifferent to beauty?

I do not have the answer. I merely submit that it is worth a few task forces. The water levels are low in New York City but the drought there we should really fear is the one which Tennessee Williams must have been thinking of when he wrote:

"Halt there and turn back, Traveler, for the spring of humanity has gone dry in this place and there are no birds in the country except wild birds that are tamed and kept in cages."

With the Klan in Delaware

By Peter Jay

On the last night in July, Robert Shelton brought his Ku Klux Klan into Delaware. The Klansmen—about 50 of the costumed and identifiable ones—came in a chartered Trailways bus with a KKK banner flapping at the side, and with their plainclothes sympathizers accompanying them in a cavalcade of large dusty cars carrying the Stars and Bars instead of a front license plate.

Shelton, the Imperial Wizard of the United Klans, Inc., Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has been pushing hard on his drive into the northern and border states; he tried Ohio a few weeks ago, and his rally on July 31 filled about half a large field near Glasgow, Del. with a tightly packed and cheerful crowd. (Reporters exchanged crowd estimates like recipes; the semi-official consensus was 1500.)

Although nothing memorable was said at Glasgow by the racist orators, who spent most of their platform time noisily expounding the evils of the

"known communist interracial sex pervert beatniks" who (everyone knows) have taken over the civil rights movement, the evening was neither humorless nor, for the most part, dull.

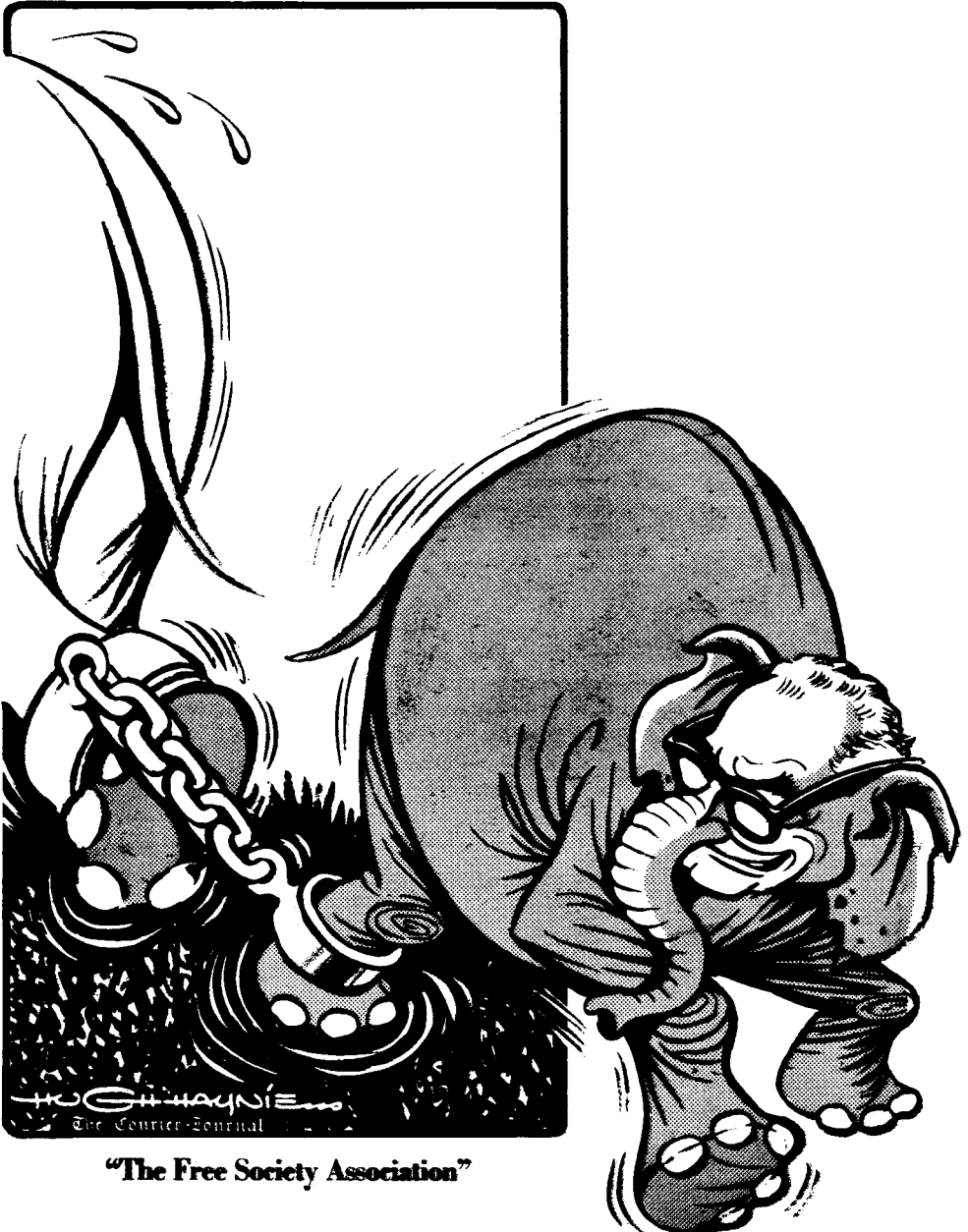
The crowd began to gather well before dusk. Cars lined the shoulders of U.S. Route 40 and threaded their way down a rutted track, directed by the Klan's gold-helmeted "security guardsmen," to parking places in a field dotted with headpieces of derelict farm machinery. Near the speakers' platform (an old wagon), white-robed Klansmen strolled a little grimly among the spectators. No faces were covered but many wore contoured sunglasses that gave them an odd popeyed look.

From the impassive Delaware state policemen directing the traffic on Route 40 to the final flaring of the sack-wrapped cross, the affair had a carnival flavor not unlike that of a fundamentalist revival. Families arrived together; women and children, some with picnic baskets, trailed through the pigweed and poverty grass after their men. Vendors sold flags. Two boys tossed a softball back and forth. Even the few T-shirted teenagers on motorcycles, chatting together in little groups and revving their engines, failed to detract from the peculiar wholesomeness of the evening.

In the cordoned-off "press area" the Wizard himself, closely attended by two worried security guards, talked carefully to a knot of newsmen. He had forsaken more elaborate regalia for a dark green suit; a girl in front of me stared at him for several minutes and then declared that "he looks like my uncle." It was easy to believe; with his narrow, car-dealer face—like an Alabama Donald Reid Cabral?—and combed-back thinning hair, he looked like everyone's tired, dissatisfied uncle, weary of pursuing goals that forever eluded him.

What the Wizard lacked in flamboyancy his lieutenants made up. The Grand Dragon of the North Carolina Klan, leading off the program, ap-

HUGH HAYNIE ...



"The Free Society Association"

peared on the platform in a sumptuous shiny green gown with a dragon across the chest, red-white-and-blue stripes at cuffs and hem, and a brilliant red sash. Even with his rather kindly face he looked a bit like a grizzled Dr. No: comic, but not impressive.

The Grand Dragon, J. Robert Jones took politics as a topic ("I don't associate mahself with no niggers so ah can't join the Great Society"); his successor at the microphones, Rev. George Dorsett, tried religion.

When Dorsett began to speak it was dark. The "official chaplain" of the United Klans, he wore long black robes and a tall Merlinesque cap embroidered with a silver cross, and as he stood in the floodlights shouting out at the people ringing round the platform in the darkness I could feel the terrible murky appeal of the Klan begin to go to work.

With the big Confederate flag at his elbow flapping in the night wind, Dorsett brought cheers and applause as he cried defiance at the oppressive government that was forcing an immoral integration on America. "Big Daddy-o and his cheap sinful integration plans will never overcome!"

But he talked too long. The spell broke before it was fully cast, and off in the depths of the crowd a woman shouted "We want the Wizard!" Dorsett called for contributions and left the rostrum.

The offertory was marked more by enthusiasm than generosity. Many people pressed forward past the security guards waving bills, but most hung back. A reporter close to the collection estimated the take at \$350, mostly in one-dollar bills.

The Wizard himself was an anti-climax. Except for a condescending bone he tossed to the bored press ("I know a lot of these reporters. They're mostly very sincere, and they write what they see. They can't help it if their editors rewrite all their stories,") he launched into the same old diatribes.

"The National Council of Churches is nothing but a communist organization." "Card-carrying tennis-shoe-

wearing agitators." "Misfits and adventurers."

After half an hour, even the enthusiasts were losing interest; some gathered up their children and departed without waiting for the crossburning. As Shelton droned on, the evening's best remark was dropped by a burly boy in jeans who, pushing his way out through the crowd, was stopped by a Klan security guard.

"Are you the press?" demanded the Klansman.

"Naw," said the boy. "I'm just depressed."

The Capitol Hill Repertory Theatre

SCENE: *The U. S. Senate chamber last summer during a discussion (abridged below) on the printing as a Senate document of the annual report of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania is speaking:*

Mr. CLARK. Mr. President, I send to the desk an amendment in the nature of a substitute and ask that it be stated.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The amendment will be stated.

The LEGISLATIVE CLERK. It is proposed to strike out all after the word "Resolved" and insert the following:

That the current annual reports of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the English Speaking Union, the Sons of Italy, the Scots Wha Hai with Wallace Bled Society, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the International Order of Odd Fellows, the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Girl Scouts of America, the Planned Parenthood-World Population Federation, the

Americans for Democratic Action, the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor-Council of Industrial Organizations, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the John Birch Society shall all be printed at Government expense, regardless of length or content; and

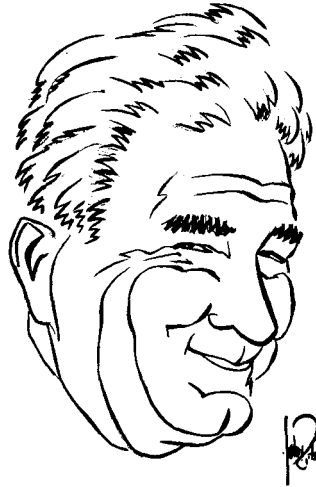
Resolved, further, That there is authorized to be appropriated for the current fiscal year such sums as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this resolution.

Mr. SCOTT [of Pennsylvania]. Mr. President, this move to avoid printing a document involving about \$2,500 is not what it appears to be on its face. What is actually involved here is an ideological and political activity which is marked as opposition to the printing of the DAR report for the 67th time. This report has been printed since 1889. It costs little or nothing.

What is really involved is a certain amount of activity outside the Congress on the part of far liberal left-wingers, to mock some of the activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who, in turn, have heard speakers from the far right.

Let us understand that this is no move to save the country \$2,500, because the move is generated by my friend and senior colleague [Sen. Clark], who has never been motivated to saving the country anything before now.

I do not like the views of some of the speakers, but what I like less is the move generated from the far left to see that speakers who address the DAR are not allowed to have their reports circulated at the same time that every sort of document which the mind of a Senator or a Member of the other body can conceive of is printed in 25,000 to 50,000 copies and perpetrated on a thoroughly apathetic public who have no interest whatever in reading the habits of a cutworm, or a study involving the sex problems of watermelons.



Lausche: Parkinson's Law

Mr. LAUSCHE, of Ohio. Mr. President, I contemplate following the recommendation of the committee on this resolution. I merely wish to point out the folly that sometimes seems to prevail and dominate the Senate in its consideration of certain measures which come before it.

Approximately 10 days ago, the Senate passed a \$18.5 billion bill in 22½ minutes without any changes in the amount.

This is the finest example of the operation of the Parkinson Law. 22½ minutes to spend \$18.5 billion, and hours to get approval to spend \$2,557.

Mrs. NEUBERGER, of Oregon. Mr. President, on the subject before us, of the printing of the DAR report, I find it necessary to respond to the junior Senator from Pennsylvania, who made a great appeal that because the DAR report has been published at Government expense since 1889, we should not now refuse it.

I contend that we are not living in 1889, that many things we did then have been changed in the interim.

The Senator from Pennsylvania stated that we were trying to gag the DAR in publishing its report. We have no intention whatsoever of gagging them. They can go ahead and



*A DAR Member
As Seen By Herself*

publish the report at their own expense. In fact, the DAR magazine spends \$56,823 every year in publishing a monthly magazine. Consequently, they can well afford the additional \$2,000 the Senate is now considering.

Mr. President, I hold in my hand a copy of the report.

Inasmuch as I have been told ever since I came to Congress, that this is a great patriotic document, I went through it completely to find out whether a schoolchild reading it would feel more impelled to be a loyal American citizen than he was before he read it.

What was patriotic about the document?

Let me pick it up at this point. I have made no notes, but will just pick out at random a few items, such as the report of the president general:

In speaking of State conferences the president general would feel remiss if she did not pay a compliment to these outstanding, constructive meetings, and the inspiration and stimulation gained therefrom.

Mr. President, I continued to read, but found nothing to indicate what that inspiration and stimulation was.

The report of the first vice president general reads, in part:

An enjoyable visit was made to the capital of Delaware to join the district daughters to make an historic tour of some of the fine old buildings.

Here is the report of the chaplain general:

It was a pleasure to attend the session held by the DAR Museum Events Committee.

I am picking these items out at random, Mr. President. They are typical of the entire report. I went on and found that Douglas MacArthur was a great American so they sent him flowers during his last illness.

On and on and on in that vein goes the report.

It sounded to me much like the minutes of a meeting of my sorority, in which there is no more inspirational material than in what I have just read.

Mr. YOUNG of Ohio. Mr. President, when I first noticed that this matter was before us, I was somewhat amused. I recalled, when the new national headquarters building of the Daughters of the American Revolution was being constructed, but not quite completed, the president of that organization, a rather well compressed lady, addressed the Daughters of the American Revolution, who were gathered here in Washington, and said, "I am awe inspired by these girdles all around me." She was, of course referring to the girders of the building. I was quite amused.



Neuberger: Sorority Minutes



*Bartlett: How About
the Eskimos?*

Mr. President, I have in my hand a copy of what is proposed to be printed at Government expense. I find a reference here to the State of Ohio, which is perhaps similar to references relating to other States.

Here is a report of the part that the Ohio Daughters of the American Revolution have oversubscribed their project to renovate "a first-floor bathroom in the all-States dormitory at Tama-see" and the "sealing of the walls of the Heaume Teacherage," and so forth.

These are fair examples from this huge bundle of papers that I hold in my hand. There is no reason why this should be printed at Government expense.

It has been the custom in the past to approve the printing of the DAR report without question, perhaps because it involved only \$2,000 or \$3,000. This manifests a disregard for fiscal responsibility. In the DAR report which I have here, it is stated that "a sound dollar and fiscal responsibility are reasons for continued national security and freedom."

Mr. President, we should reject this resolution and let the Daughters of the American Revolution know that the U. S. Senate is just as interested in fiscal responsibility as they are.

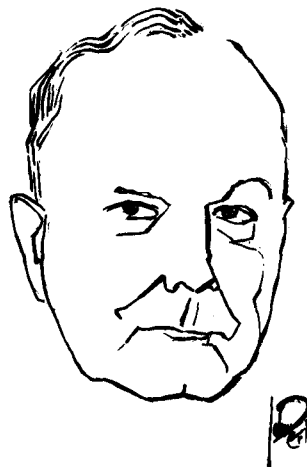
The ultraconservative ladies who control this organization have consistently opposed most beneficent legislation for the welfare of the Amer-

ican people. However, they do not object to an unconscionable waste of taxpayers' money on the absolutely unnecessary printing of their own annual report.

Mr. BARTLETT of Alaska. Mr. President, the Daughters of the American Revolution is a fine patriotic organization. I am sure that we all are aware of it and that the entire country is aware of it also. I know it personally from attending one of their conventions and hearing a highly patriotic and moving speech by Dan Smoot. I should like to ask the Senator from Pennsylvania if any other national organizations have their annual reports printed and paid for by the taxpayers of the country.

Mr. CLARK. There are a few, but very few. There are perhaps a half dozen. However, there are about 300 federally chartered corporations which do not have their annual reports so printed.

Mr. BARTLETT. I did not know that any other organizations had their reports printed by the Government. I can think of fine organizations in Alaska that make annual reports of some kind. The Pioneers of Alaska, and the Alaska Native Brotherhood



*Young: Surrounded By
Girdles*

are composed of fine and upstanding Indians and Eskimos.

Mr. CLARK, Mr. President, I modify my amendment to include the organizations mentioned by the Senator from Alaska.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator modifies his amendment accordingly.

Mr. BARTLETT. There is also the Alaska Native Sisterhood.

Mr. CLARK, I ask that that organization also be added to my amendment, and that it be modified in that respect.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator modifies his amendment accordingly.

(Following a few minutes further debate, the resolution directing the printing as a Senate document of the DAR report was approved, with only nine senators voting against it.)

Wilma's Wilderness

By Edward P. Morgan

The Wall Street Journal, whose enterprise should be the envy of and a challenge to the entire trade of journalism, had a page-one story the other day reporting on the remarkable increase in demands by car buyers for "extras," plain and fancy. It detailed the added opulence now required in contrast to the mood of motorists only a few years ago when they objected to Detroit's "loading" an automobile with expensive accessories.

Now it is nothing for a purchaser to request a stereo radio or tape-recorder, push-button windows and, of course, air conditioning. GM is even sampling the demand for stereo, carpets and other accoutrements in a truck. One fastidious gentleman upped the cost of his mobile passenger unit by a cool \$2,000 with a list of

34 extras, ranging from the air conditioner to a rear-window defogger and he is already thinking about adding an adjustable steering wheel.

But the item that really caught my eye in the *Journal's* account, which was headlined "Riding in Style," was a quote from a 12-year old girl named Wilma Tinnen, of Flint, Michigan, which is a car capital in its own right. She was delirious over the television set in the back seat of her mother's new Mercury. "It gives me something to do instead of just looking out the windows," Wilma said. "I love it."

I hadn't realized that with all America's other problems we have been breeding a generation of car-borne shut-ins. My heart goes out to Wilma retrospectively and I thrill vicariously to the adventures that now lie ahead of this incipient teen-ager. Just think of it! Now, instead of being obliged to stare out of the window at Michigan's "winter and water wonderland" as the license plates bill the state's charms, Wilma can increase her cultural quotient by concentrating on Peyton Place, Mickey Mouse and the detergent commercials.

Never, presumably, will Wilma have to waste her time watching the world around her as she rides. Comfy, snug, safety-belted and air-conditioned there in the back seat she will be zeroed in on her own private world, from Captain Kangaroo to the Man from U.N.C.L.E.

When I stop to think of the point-less games we played on motor trips when I was Wilma's age, I marvel that we made it to maturity; maybe we didn't. There was this silly business about sighting a white horse in a far field and then making a secret wish on it. Hence stemmed a contest within a contest — of seeing who could find the most white horses.

CREDITS

The character sketches found throughout this issue were drawn by John Perts, Suffolk, Va.

The article by Edward P. Morgan is from the ABC radio broadcast, "Edward P. Morgan and the News" sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

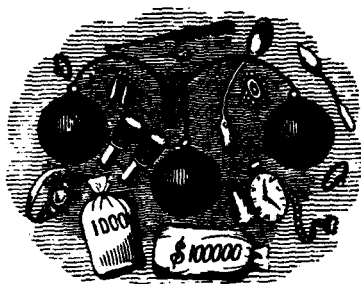
Then there were what might be called mechanical variations on that theme, the most popular of which was to identify the most states by the license tags of passing cars. In the early days, before the country was squeezed in the python's grip of the super-highway, it was an exciting pastime merely to tote up the number of vehicles encountered on the dusty road. Now you need a computer just to count the traffic in a city block.

The most sophisticated exercise, of course, was to identify the make of an oncoming auto or one that your father was proudly overtaking. It counted against you if you called the wrong shot, a Hupmobile, say, for a Reo. The Pierce-Arrow, once you got it in range, was a dead give-away, naturally, because of the headlights beautifully moulded into the fenders.

The Marmon, the Paige and the Peerless were a little more difficult but it didn't take an eager eye long to catch their distinguishing features. The air-cooled Franklin was a delightful pushover with its sloping front where the radiator cap should be. You didn't bother to count the Model Ts. They were too ubiquitous and too easy to spot.

Once you tired of all these wonders, there was always the scenery, clearly visible beyond the Burma Shave signs. But the sights are mostly gone now or rapidly disappearing in an obscene jungle of asphalt-bottomed shopping centers, junkyards and advertising displays. No wonder, come to think of it, that Wilma Tinnen of Flint treasures her backseat television set. What else is there worth looking at? Soon the TV people, if they're on the ball, will program travelogues for the motoring clientele. You will get the full natural glory of Yellowstone Park, for example, right on your traveling video screen, without having to crane your neck over a picnicker's pile of abandoned beer cans or roll down the window and get your fingers nipped by a panhandling bear.

OPPORTUNITIES



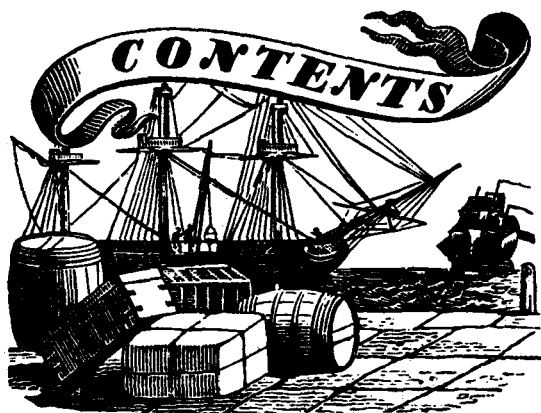
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